PARNELL INTERVIEWED.

A SUN CORRESPONDENT TALKS WITH THE GREAT HOME RULER.

An Anthorised Statement of the Plans of the Irish Party in Parliament—Obstruction to be Bropped, and the Government Lett Without Excuse for Failure to Keep its Promises of Reform—Bullour's Despicato Saiett Punctured-Sallebury Charges with Base Hypecrisy-Confidence in the Success of the Irish Cause the Strongest Sentiment in the Breast of the Irish Leader

DUBLIN, Jan. 17.-The Czar of Russia is about as easy of access to the newspaper in-terviewer as Mr. Parnell. The Irish leader has been so often misquoted by the newspapers that of recent years he has been absolutely inaccessible, though occasional talks with him have appeared in the English press that were manifestly cribbed from the public speeches of the head of the Irish party.

The interview that appears below was written

revised, and then fully approved by him. It is the first authentic information thus far put lished that the tactics of the Irish party will be completely changed this session, and every e fort made to facilitate instead of obstruct English legislation in Parliament, so as to put to the test the promises of reform made by the Government.

I heard that Mr. Parnell was in Liverpool and went there on Dec. 14. Then inside information reached me that he was in London. When I reached London, some time later, I found that everybody was looking for the Irish eader, and the papers were full of conjectures concerning his whereabouts. The only man he honors with his full confidence is Michael Davitt. Davitt was travelling through the provinces conducting public meetings. All the papers announced "officially" that Parnell was in Paris. There is only one kind of information in England that is more notoriously incorrect than "inside," and that is marked "official." was in Paris two days later, and I still thought of Paraell. I wired Harrington and other em nent League managers, but the answers all came: "Do not know where Mr. Parnell ia."

I returned to Ireland, and had not been ashore half a day when a tall man drove past me in a cab, followed by a crowd shouting

All things come around in time, including great and mysterious statesmen. The leader went to his home at Avondale, and thither I journeyed to-day with Mr. Michael Davitt. after a vast amount of correspondence.

Mrs. Parnell sat on the terrace in front of the homestond, waiting for her son to return from a drive. The house was built on the spot where Charles Stewart Parnell was born. It is a substantial structure, approached by a magnificent avenue of oaks.

While we were talking on the terrace Mr. Parnell drove up with a delicate-looking lady at his side. She was his sister, Mrs. Dickson. Mr. Parnell is about six feet high, straight as

an arrow, direct in speech, hearty in manner, and imbued with the most splendid confidence in the early triumph of home rule. His enthu slasm is sincere and infectious. He will be 42 years old in June. His hair and beard are devold as yet of gray. His long residence in Engand and his term at Cambridge have given him the broadest of English accents.

He led the way through the billiard roomthe walls of which were lined with arrows. assagais, shields, snowshoes, and innumerable trophies from various quarters of the earthinto the library. It is a cheerful apartment of large size, completely lined with rare and historical books. Among them are journals o the Irish House of Parliament by Mr. Parnell's grandfather, Sir John Parnell, when Chancello

of the Exchequer here.

The directness and intensity of Parnell's address give his words unusual force even in ordinary conversation.

I asked him if there was any truth in the newspaper stories concerning his ill health. Mr. Parnell said cheerfully: "My health has been steadily improving since the rising of Parliament. There is no truth whatever in the stories concerning it to which you refer. In fact there was never anything the matter with me except general disturbance of the system last autumn twelve months, which renders me still rather delicate and requires great care and attention in living and distary. But no permanent effect or organic injury is at all likely to result."

Do you expect to speak in public before Par-

liament begins?"
"I do not think it would be prudent for me to risk the exposure involved in addressing a large public meeting just now, as any fresh old that might be contracted, so soon the opening of Parliament, would probably insession and seriously interrupt my now satisfactory progress toward complete recovery." "Do you regard the Balfour government as

sincere?" "I do not believe there is a particle of sin cerity in the present Executive, either in their use of coercion or in their opposition to home rule. Their present coercive and anti-Irish seemingly pays them best and is likely to keep them in office for a time. When coercion is played out they will be quite ready to turn round and offer autonomy to Ireland, just as during Lord Carnarvon's Viceroyalty Lord Balisbury abandoned coercion and permitted his Irish Vicercy to arrange an interview with me to tell me that he agreed with me that a Parliament should be granted to Ireland with full powers over the affairs of that country; although Lord Salisbury, with as much knowledge then as now, is not now ashamed to charge the man whom he then permitted his Viceroy to

interview with being the associate of assassins "Regarding Mr. Balfour personally, I wish to say that the chief characteristic of his adminstration seems to me to be its meanness. Let me give as examples of this his conduct in attacking humble and obscure men under the provisions of the Crimes act for constructive offences, his difference of prison treatment of such men as compared with his treatment of untruthful attack upon William O'Brien after he had imprisoned him and thus supposed that he had sealed his lips and prevented his publication of the truth. Newsvenders, honest, hardworking small shopkeepers, had been imprisoned and treated as felons for selling copies of United Ireland and other newspapers, Mr. Balfour's magistrates holding that anybody selling a copy of a newspaper knowingly pub-lishes everything it contains! This, of course, is an underhand attempt to strike at a free press by intimidating the venders, while at the same time Mr. Balfour has not mustered enough courage directly to seize or suppress a single

"Observe, then, how quickly he discovers that the prison rules enable a prisoner to wear his own clothes and receive exceptional ad-vantages when he is a priest; while obscure men. guilty from the Government's own point of view of much smaller offences, are violently stripped naked in midwinter and left to shiver for hours in their stone-finggod cells, even the bed clothes being taken away from them."

Mr. Parnell leaned forward in his chair as he spoke, and emphasized every word by a sharp rap on the table with a pencil which he held in

"What are the prospects of the duration of the Liberal-Unionist combination?" I asked. "The Liberal-Unionist combination shows some signs of weakening. Beveral of the members have already returned to their allegiance to the Liberal party, while Liberal-Unionist candidates have been defeated at bye elections. The test of their cohesion will daily become more severe as the progress of coercion is developed, but the roal strain will be caused when the Government unfolds and proceeds with its scheme of English legislation. nesses and perhaps fatal clearages may then be looked for at any moment."

Is any pronounced change in the Irish policy of last session contemplated?"
"I think it would be prudent for the Irish

liament, for the reasons which I have just given. It is of all importance that the Govern ment should be allowed to get to their pro-posed English legislation quickly. If they are n earnest in pushing forward reforms of iamentary procedure, I would also assist them in that, since no party is more interested in real reform of procedure calculated to make the passage of beneficial enactments easy and quick than the Irish party, for in a few years at the outside a reform of procedure will be urgently wanted to save an Irish Home Government bill from Tory obstruction. It would be, in my judgment, agreat mistake on our part to give the Tories an opportunity of raising a cry of obstruction against us in the com-

ing session." "What is the feeling in England, as far as your observation and information goes, conperning the present custom of evicting people from their houses in the middle of winter?

"I think that the evictions that have been carried out under such harrowing circumstances have influenced opinion in England enormously. Such occurrences, even more than the incidents of coercion, have tended to instruct Englishmen as to the real situation in Ireland under Tory administration."

"I am particularly anxious to get your views," I said, "on the position of the Governnent to-day on the rent question."

"The order to revise the judicial renta" said Mr. Parnell slowly. "is a complete justification of the course that I pursued in the latter part of the session of 1886. Had the Salisbury Cabinet then accepted my bill-which proposed s revision of the judicial rents-the plan of campaign movement would not have been started a great number of heartless evictions would have been prevented, and the country would have been saved from the bloodshed which the employment of force has brought about, and which has east such a stain on Lord Salisbury's Administration. The proposed reduction in udicial rents is miserably insufficient whe the actual condition of the farmers is considered. The case is doubly strong when we com pare the abatements voluntarily made by the English landlords with those which Lord Salisbury is compelled to wring from his Irish followers; but his tardy acknowledgment of the justice of my action in the session of 1886 is another illustration both of the inability of Englishmen to govern Ireland and of Lord Salisbury's aptitude in accommodating his es to political and party necessity.

When I asked Mr. Parnell if he expected to visit America again in the near future, he

shook his head slowly.
"I should like," he said, "to visit America again soon, and I trust it may be possible some time or other to renew my acquaintance; but I should like to do it as a private individual. to study its vast resources, its industrial enterprises, and magnificent scenery, as well as the causes of its extraordinarily rapid development. For some years to come, however, this will not be possible "

On the way back to the railroad station I asked Davitt what he considered the most prominent of Parnell's characteristics.

"Steadfastness," was the answer. "When he makes up his mind to do a thing it would be as easy to break his determination as it would be to stick a needle under a ledge in California and turn the Rocky Mountains over with it." The relations between Davitt and Parnell are most cordial and friendly. There is none of the

rivalry that the London press pictures so graphically, though Davitt is a very strong man BLAKELT HALL

Dawes and Squawa.

From the Missourt Republican. "I notice in the Republican of the 18th that Senator Dawes's bill in relation to white men marrying Indian women has passed the Senate. It appears very strange, also supremely ridiculous to one living here in the Indian country, to see a lot of men who ought to be posted in the affairs of this country, trying to make a law as insignificant and uncalled for by

both the Indian's welfare and the common good

of the people of the United States as the one advocated by Mr. Dawes's bill. "What good can he hope to accomplish by such a law? It is certain that no good can result to the Indians from such a law, because the whole Indian country is directly indebted to the white man for what progress has been made toward civilization, and principally to the white men who have married Indian women. As to white men marrying squaws' simply for a right here in the country, and the statement that such rights are worth \$5.900, it is all bosh. "If Senator Dawes will take the trouble to post himself upon the laws in force in this Indian country he will find that white men do not acquire any right to Indian moneys or land by marrying squaws." They are simply accorded the privilege to live here and use the lands for the benefit of their families, which they usually do to the satisfaction of all concerned. If Senator Dawes wants to do something to benefit the Indians, I would suggest that he go to work on a law to restrict the rights of the negro in the Indian country; there is plenty room and a dampad for legislation is the direction, and such a law? It is certain that no good can rethe Indian country; there is pienty room and a demand for legislation in that direction, and especially in this, the Creek Nation.

"The Indians do not need or ask for any protection from the United States in their marriage relations with white men.

"Senator Dawes's bill reminds me of a little.

"Senator Dawes's bill reminds me of a little occurrence which took place some years ago in one of the border towns of Toxas. There was a full-blood Indian who came in on the stage and was met at the hotel by Col. Sutton, who was quite a prominent man there. Col. Sutton said to the Indian, in the way of opening up a conversation: 'English, you speak 'om?' The Indian replied: 'Yes, old man, a d—sight better than you can, if that is the best you can do.' So it is with Senator Dawes's bill. The Indian knows better how to handle this marrying business than 'you do, old man.' If that bill is the best you can do for the Indians."

Leav Year Information. From the Washington Critic. Mistletoe is a new leap year trimming for

Mistietoe is a new leap year trimining for young ladies' hats.

From the Nebrashs State Journal.

The girl who owns a fast horse and a comfortable cutter, and who has a proper appreciation of the advantages of leap year, should

e a stranger to sorrow.

From the Philadelphia Nimes.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Though appreciating the leap year privilege, the average girl won't seriously object to being wooed in the old, old way.

From the Boston Journal.

Here is the last conundrum out: "What mixed number does the present year represent?" Is it given up? Well, 1%.

From the Philadelphia Call.

The Somerville Journal intimates that leap year is a sort of wild delusion, because the pretty girl need not propose, and the homely girl is afraid to. Ah, but how about the widows? Fear can't intimidate them.

From Life.

Wiss Smythes Lieut Mr. Flush arrows and the state of the proposed of the proposed

Miss Smythe—I hear that Mr. Flush proposed wou last night.
Miss Van Dyke-Yes, the forward thing!
Miss Van Dyke-Yes, the forward thing!
Miss Van I don't see anything bad about that.
Miss V. D.—Why, this is leap year!

Miss V. D.—Why, this is leap year!

From the Bufalo Express.

Miss Lulu A. Tuxburg of Grand Rapids.
Mich. is the first woman reported to have taken advantage of leap year privileges this year. She has been visiting at Springfield, Mo., and last week invited Joseph McGarger, an old lover, to attend a leap year party with her. During an intermission in the dancing programme Miss Tuxburg led her bashful lover into a secluded nook and proposed. They were married Saturday.

From the Montgomery Assertiser.

Baturday.

From the Montgomery Advertiser. The young ladies who are going to give the New Year german have doubtless learned by this time that the most uninteresting feature of the performance is paying \$6 for the carriage hire. They now know why all the boys are poor.

From Life. She-What makes you look so tired, John?
Why, you seem to be all worn out!
He-These leap years are enough to make
any one tired. I believe they are an infernal
capitalistic invention.
She-Why, what's the matter with you?
He-Here I've got to work twenty-nine days
this February, and only get an ordinary
month's pay.

From the Beston Francoips.
"I have long wished for this opportunity."

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Such were the words of Adelbert Margaraway, the young entry clerk in the great establishment of Fitzimmons & Fianderson. "I have long wished for this opportunity," he said, dropping recklessly upon the sofa that was now beautified by the presence of the lovely Angelina Vane. "and now I must hear the answer which is to raise me to the pinnacle of bliss or the sink me to the very dregs of despair! Angelina, dearest, will you..."

"Adelbert!" and the voice sounded like entrancing nuste, notwithstanding its sad undertone." Adelbert, it has been the dream of my life to be able to place my hand in yours and say: Adelbert, take me; I am wholly yours'; but it cannot be. it cannot, cannot be."

"And why not, dearest?"

"Because this is leap year, and everybody would declare that I asked you. No, dear Adelbert, I must not I will not be compromised."

THE WHIMS OF FAIR WOMEN.

STUDIES OF FEMININITY IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT CITY.

Will the Young Folks of the Rev. Dr. Warren's Congregation Give Up all Sanday Sociability !-Shopping Incidenta,

The fair wife of Secretary William C. Whitney does nearly all her shopping here, except in trivial matters, and frequently on these exeditions the Secretary is her devoted attendant. They are not encountered on the promnades, for they drive everywhere. Those who know Mr. Whitney only as the Cabinet officer hould see him while on these little excursions. What a metamorphosis! He stepped on board the Washington express the personification of an energetic business man; he steps into a fashionable Fifth avenue milliner's a companion of Mrs. Whitney. Away with armored cruisers and seacoast defences. Bonnets are the order of the day. To tell the truth he applies himself now as assiduously to the study of the latter as he did a few hours before to the former. He will pick up a hat, inspect it from all sides, criticize this shade and that curve and after his wife has adjusted the wonder on her head will repeat the operation of viewing it from all sides. He is very proud of his better half, and she defers unquestioningly to his taste in hats and other matters of personal adornment. More than one milliner in New York wishes in her soul that he would exercise this consideration in other directions, and they are unanimous in voting him a nuisance. But this doesn't annox Secretary of the Navy, and results in his wife dressing to suit her husband.

Shall there be no wooing on Sundays? When he Rev. Dr. E. Walpole Warren was imported to this country by the church where Dr. Stephen Tyng formerly preached, at Forty-second street and Madison avenue, a great deal of interest was excited by the proposition to contest the law forbidding the importation of laborers to this country under contract. That

terest was excited by the proposition to contest the law forbidding the importation of laborers to this country under contract. That matter was eventually settled, but it called such attention to Dr. Warren as no other event could, unless it be the proposition that this clergyman has now made to his church. Dr. Warren has proposed that the young ladies in his church shall make an agreement not to visit or receive visits on Sundays. When this matter was put to a vote before an association of the young people of his parish, they agreed unanimously to put it into force. This undoubtedly, however, was due to the magnetic influence of Dr. Warren when he made the suggestion. He is about 57 years old, with a moderate supply of sliver side whiskers and a pleasant smile and voice, lie is an energetic worker and thorough-going evangelist. When the young people came to think the matter over, the sober second thought began to have its effect, and it is quite doubtful whether Mr. Warren will find it an easy matter to break in thus upon a well-established American custom. One of the young men in his parish in said to the writer:

"When the proposition was first laid before us we were enthusiastic about it, because we had felt like taking hold of Dr. Warren and helping him make his work here grandly successful; but as to this project, we cannot helpoloking at it now as something of an injustice, and unnecessary at that. To us who work all the week with no time for social enjoyment. Sundary comes as a genuine day of rest, and, apart from the religious features of the day, it gives us an opportunity for innocent enjoyment that could not possibly be had at any other time during the week. Sunday is recognized as the one day of all when a young man is privileged to a bandon it. It is not like an ordinary call between neighbors or friends or relatives who have known each other and been established in their relations with each other for a great many years. It is not like an ordinary call between neighbors or friends or relatives who

It was in a Broadway bird store that a young ady was shopping for parrots. A big and valu-able bird was under her consideration. She was criticising its points like an expert. "I think the other one is better," said her dude companion.
"But this one looks so much like you. Herbert, dear," she sweetly rejoined, "that I think

I prefer it."
So it did. The profile of the beak was a coun-So it did. The profile of the beak was a counterpart of the ugly fellow a nose, and otherwise the two faces were about the same in shape and in suggestion of intelligence. The slightly dazed chap was silent, as though revolving in his still mind the meaning of her remark.

"This parrot is a wonderful talker." put in the dealer. "I haven't had a better one in stock for a long time."

"Oh, he talks pinin English well enough," said the young lady, "but do you think he'd learn to stammer and drawl and use the London accent? I couldn't love him if he didn't do that," and here she gave a deeply sentimental look at the young man, which made him happy in spite of all.

A dialogue in which a fair but unfashionable young woman took part was incidental to the hanging of Dan Driscoll. The witness whose testiment won furthest to convict him was Carrie Wilson, a typical Bower; girl, who saw the murder. She went to the prison the day before the execution and asked Warden Walsh if she would be permitted to see the hanging. "What's de matter wid me seeing Danny hung?" was her wording of the request.
"Can't be done," said the Warden, positively. "Den I want you to cut off a half a foot of de rope—see?—for a keepsake."
Even that was denied to her.

Tope—see?—for a keepsake."

Even that was denied to her.

The woman who has the money and time to be intensely and altogether fashionable usually racks her brain and draws heavily upon her purse in a struggle for novelty. The newestdevelopment in this line is called the Cleopatra bath robe. Even in the houses of the rich the bathroom is nothing like the gorgeous bathing apartments of the ancient Romans and Egyptians, but in some cases it is something like a small section of the ancient splendors. Whether the mistress of a fine house has a gorgeously tiled bathroom or only the ordinary thing, she can be luxurious in her use of it. To that end she may now envelop herself, after her lavatory indulgence, in a garment made of a thick but soft and fleeey blanket, such as are often brought to the East from the Pacific coast, and which cost at retail from \$10 to \$20. The garment is loosely fashioned out of this material, and it has a toga-like appearance, with its clasic drapery. But its white woollen surface is not left as clear and primitive as were those garments. There are two methods of decoration in vogue for these bath robes. One is to embroider them, and the other is to paint them. In either case considerable of really skilful art may be employed in decorating he robe with flowers. Hibbons and fringes may also be attached, and altogether the wearer, filtough only attired for seclusion, and by all the laws of propriety bound to scream and run if discovered by masculine eyes, is really arrayed in about as much splender, of its kind, as though going to a bail.

and run it discovered by masculine eyes, is really arrayed in about as much splendor, of its kind, as though going to a bail.

At a Broadway hotel last week were registered "Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Baker, St. Paul," They are on their wedding tour. The bride, a charming and handsome girl of about 18, was last spring a pupil at a school in fifth avenue, and a favorite among her companions. She was then Bessie Kittson, one of the four daughters of Commodorer Kittson, the famous turfman of the Northwest. At the summer vacation she returned home, and next she appeared here with all the blushing honors of a brandnew name upon her. Now her old schoolmates smile and say: "Bessie Kittson married! Why, the idea—she's only a girl." The Commodore has parted with three of his children by marriage within a few months. Last fall the eldest daughter wedded! Louis Baker, a brother of the present bridegroom, and went off to Europe for the honormoon. She had also been a school girl in New York. Then his son, L. C. Kittson, took unto himself a beautiful bride. The Kittson family have become pretty well known in the metropolis, and Mrs. Kittson resided at a hotel for some time while her girls were in the hands of the teachers. About the same time, it will be remembered, young Kittson had an escapade, which resulted in a marriage ceremony, and subsequently in a suit for divorce and alimony brought by the woman. The jury threw her case out of court by declaring the marriage fraudulent. When he reappeared here last fall with his wife, they looked like a pair of young lovers just escaped from the parental eye.

The cheeky woman now in mind is self-possessed, smiling, and well dressed. She is the terror of storekeepers. Recently a specimen of this class had a piece of fine needlework that ber own sewing machine could not do. She knew of one in the market that could, and so she went to the office, taked prices and quality, asked permission to try it on the spot, took a roll from her shopping bag, stitched an hour till the job was done, expres

trying at the same time the patience of the saleswoman, as she always came back to one, the most elegant of the lot, and seemed just on the point of choosing it. Finally she begged permission to take it home to show her husband, feeling certain he would approve. The garment was sent home, was worn at the reception, and returned with a polite note and regrets that it was not found satisfactory.

But the saleswomen get their little revenges. They remember faces and bestow their own titles. "Here comes a tough" goes down the line of clerks when one of this class appears, no matter how richly she is dressed. "I'm ready for you" is in the eye of the saleswoman she pauses before. It is a counter of ribbon sashes, glowing like a rainbow in soft colors. The "tough" looks at a score of them; the green one ought to be blue, the pink heliotrope, and so on, and finally she declares they are cheap things. "You know I never buy cheap goods." The girl apologizes, runs her hand under the pile, draws out several of the same quality and price, names a figure double that, however, and the customer buys three!

"It is my business to sell goods," she explains to a friend. "I have to adapt myself to my customer. The other day a tough was looking at plush at \$1.50. She wanted something better after she had worried the life out of me. I took from the shelves a piece of the same quality, said she could have that for \$2.50, and she bought a quantity of it perfectly satisfied. Half the time the tough doesn't know what she wants, or how much. Think of the mother of a family asking me how much ahe wants for a girl of five! It is my business to sell goods, so I name a good pattern. When she comes back for two yards more to make a dress of it for herself, and scolds me for selling her too much. I don't care; my business is to sell goods. But when a lady throws a pair of slippers almost in my face and says, 'Do you think I've got such big feet as that?' I get a little pay for my pairs she order and says,' Do you think I've got such big feet a

Those thread factory girls near Nowark are by no means the only well-dressed factory operatives in the country. The city of Troy is full of such. The collar makers up there are well paid, well dressed, and extremely well behaved. There is a queer casto among them by which it is held that those who work on a certain grade of goods are the social, as they really are the financial, superiors of the others. In Troy it is not at all easy to distinguish between a wealthy idler and a cotton girl on the streets. Gioversville, N. Y., where the great glove factories are, is another place distinguished by an industry in which women work for good wages, dress prettily, and pursue an existence that might well fill the soul of an old-fashioned factory girl with envy. These glove girls live in pretty homes, play the plano, read the best current literature, and have every reason to feel proud of themselves. In many New England towns, notaily Williamattic and Danbury, there is no lack of well-dressed factory girls. New York seems behindmand in this respect. The tenement life is often stronger in its influence than work-day associations, and yet in one branch, that of cigarmaking, which was ones noted for the rough class that worked at it, there is at least one factory whose work girls dress, and look, and behave like the true ladies that they are. ory whose work girls dress, and look, and behave like the true ladies that they are.

WITAT A GOVERNESS MUST BE And the Pay She Can Get If She Proves Satis factory in All Things. From the Savannah News

NEW YORK, Jan. 21 .- I have been looking this week for a situation as governess. To teach the plush-cloaked and beaver-bonneted durlings of the avenue ought to be a pica-sart task, and in a country which buts, theoretical-

teach the plush-cloaked and beaver-bonneted darlings of the avenue ought to be a pieas-ant task, and in a country which buts, theoretically, an unprecedented value on education, the position of the woman to whom the training of the most favored little people of a big city is intrusted should be an enviable one. In spito of some doubts as to the exact degree of correspondence between ought and is, I was resolved upon the experiment.

My first call was made at an up-town agency which supplies teachers to private families. Here I was interviewed by a businessifes but kindly elderly man, who looked doubtful when I gave him an address in the wilds of Brooking, hardened his heart against me when I confessed that I had no references, wavered when I assured him I could get some, smiled benignantly when I professed some slight acquaintance with several languages, frowned when I pleaded guilty to being no musician, releated when I talked largely of diplomas, shook his head dublously when I acknowledged with many missivings that I was not English nor even Canadian, but plain Yankee, and ended by putting me on his books of registry—for a consideration—giving me some excellent advice and supplying me with the address of two or three possible employers, recommending the most favorable hours at which to apply.

I made a number of uninteresting visits, and one, at least, worthy of somewhat detailed description. The house was half a block off the avenue. A resident governess was wanted for four children under eight years old and the salary specified was \$20 a month. The teacher was required to be under 30, a lady, and a good conversationalist.

I did not feel at all sure of fulfilling the last requisite as I slowly climbed the stens and gave the bell a hesitating pull. Like the wretch whose toothache leaves him with his hand on the dentist's door, my desire to know something of the life of a governess had fled before the prospects of its roalization. My knees trembled under me and my voice stuck in my throat.

I tried to throw off these amateurish terrors I tried to throw oil these amateurism writes while waiting with my feet curled up on the rung of the great oak settle in the open timbered hall, up whose winding staircase the lackey disappeared, carrying my card on a silver salver. For purposes of governessing only, I was—well, say, Alice Dustin—and Alice did her best to assume an interested but not too anxious professional aspect, when she heard the stons of the lady coming down. heard the steps of the lady coming dow

heard the steps of the lady coming down.

After some preliminary questions. "You are well grounded in English?" she asked.

Alice modestly hoped that she was.
"You spenk French?"

Alice proposed to read French to her, and hoped that a serene confidence might cast its protecting agis over a rusty accent.
"You know German?"

Alice sustained the German examination as best she might.
"You can teach Latin?"

Alice assented.

Alice sustained the German examination as best she might.

"You can teach Latin?"

Alice assented.

"Are you a Greek scholar?"

Alice murnured that she understood the oldest child was only?

"Yes, but the children are to be thoroughly educated, and must be in hands more than ordinarily competent from the start. To lay a proper basis for further teaching, a governess should know much more than she is required to use every day."

Nothing daunted, Alice agreed to be responsible for any amount of Greek desired, but was obliged to say no when asked if she could sing. Further inquiries explored the shallows of her accomplishments in embroidery and painting and dancing. The lady believed in all-around education, and wanted her children instructed in natural history and the elements of geology. She wanted the history of Alice's family for a generation or two back, and she was interested in learning if Alice was skilled in needlework and could keep the children's wardrobe in order, Alice learned that she would be expected to sleep in the nursery, and that heavy sleeping was a bar to favor, since the children might want something in the night. She would preside at the children's meals, and would be consided at the walks, give the youngest kindergarten training, be responsible for every detail of their walks, give the youngest kindergarten training, be responsible for every detail of their walks, give the youngest kindergarten training, be responsible for every detail of their walks, give the youngest kindergarten training, be responsible for every detail of their walks, give the youngest kindergarten training, be responsible for every detail of their walks, give the youngest kindergarten training, be responsible for severy detail of their walks, give the youngest kindergarten training, he responsible for severy detail of their walks, give the youngest kindergarten training, he respo

Chicago's Petticont Palace. From the Chicago Herald.

Cantral Music Hall block might very properly be called the petticeat palace of Chicago. Largely owned and entirely managed by a woman—Mrs. Carpenter—a greater number of women pass through its doors each day than any other building in town is honored with.

In and out they so, all day long, and ranging all the way from the beautiful and enthusiastic young girl who is indusing in the dream that her voice will make her famous to the decrepit old woman whom a friend or servant must assist up the stairs to the office of the woman metaphysician or Christian healer who has undertaken to remove her lameness or her ills. Indeed, these extreme types are common enough at the doors of Central Music Hall. In this building is a musical college which numbers among its pupils hundreds of young women, and one who stands for a moment at the storm doors and watches the throngs pass in and out will find food for reflection in the bright faces, glowing eyes, and merry words of the hopeful and sanguine creatures with music rolls under their arms. He will not have long to wait for the more sombre pleture of a life whose sands have nearly run out, of a diseased and helpless and hopeless mortal whose day dreams of long ago have ended in the nightmare of reality. There are in Central Music Hall women doctors, women metaphysicians, women Christian scientists, women dentists, artists, milliners, and what not. It is, too, a great place for fads, noveities, new things, progressives of all sorts. On the various floors of the handsome building may be found, besides the mind healers, women doctors of the old schools, a woman manieure and chiropodist, massage practised by both sexes, a school of languages in which volapuk is taugit, ocean-prine bath, swedish movement, compound oxygen treatment, a dramatic teacher, and as one might easily suppose from the number of women who frequent the building a millinery store, a candy shop, an embrodery becase, and a pheformal galary.

MISSION MEDICINE WOMEN.

DR. ELIEABETH REIPANYDER'S EX-PERIENCE IN CHINA.

Failure to Cure Exposes the Practitioner to Personal Peril—Native Magicians Harass the Missionary Physicians.

Some of the women who have been graduated from our medical colleges within the past five years are practising in China, and without, as a rule, charging the patients anything for services. Everybody has read of the devotion of American girl Sunday school teachers to Chinese pupils, but few have learned that the devotion of the Christian woman has gone to the extent of sacrificing home, country, and friends in order to heal the ills of Mongolians who have neither grace, gratitude, nor goodwill for their fair saviors. There are in this city some missionary societies which send to China and other heathen countries mission aries whose special duty it is to save the body and the soul only incidentally. The women whom they select for this purpose are such as stand highest in the knowledge of medicine, whose zeal and devotion are unquestioned, and whose physical condition warrants the belief that they may survive the hardships that they are bound to suffer. This last requisite the societies are careful to inquire into beforehand. for even where they have thought themselves safe hitherto their agents have broken down

and have been compelled to give up the work. The Woman's Union Missionary Society of New York has a spacious and handsome hospital, of brick and gray stone, in the suburbs of Shanghai. It was founded by an American woman, Mrs. Margaret Williamson, in 1884, and is the most successful institution of the kind in China. A Sun reporter called yesterday at the society's office, in the Bible House, to inquire as to what are the necessary qualifications of the doctors sent to China. He was met by a pleasant-faced lady of middle age, who answered his questions with great frankness. In the room were curiosities gathered by the missionaries and sent to the society. Photographs of some of the missionaries and hospitals hung

of some of the missionaries and hospitals hung on the walls.

"We are not in need of many medical mis-sionaries just now." said the lady, "for our fields are protty well supplied. We have many candidates, but very few answer all the re-quirements. Most of them are found lacking when it comes. neids are protty well supplied. We have many candidates, but very few answer all the requirements. Most of them are found lacking when it comes to the physical examination. They are all zealous enough and do not seem to be at all disheartened when we picture the hardships connected with the work, but it would only entail expense to the society to send out women whose strength is not more than ordinary. It makes no difference what denomination they belong to."

The news was that Dr. Elizabeth Reifsnyder, in charge of the hospital at Shanghal, had sailed for home. She is a woman of indomitable energy and unflinching courage, liad she remained in America and devoted herself to building up a practice with one-half the energy that she has displayed in her present post, she would undoubtedly have won both fame and money. Furthermore, she would not be broken down in health, as she is at present, from the effects of an unbearable climate and uncatable food. Like all the other bright and able women who have engaged in this work she does not complain, however, of anything but her inability to put all her energies into the work. The hardships that she has suffered in common with her sister missionaries in the same field have been many. Her pleasures have been few, and have consisted principally in the consciousness that she has triumphed over obstacles from which many strong men would shrink in dismay, She has been able to make only limited headway over the prejudices of the heathen among whom she has labored, although a few converted Chinamen have shown their gratitude by assisting her now and then. In a letter just received from her she wrote that she was watching by the bedside of a native woman who was suffering with a tumor, and who had come 500 miles in a wheelbarrow through heavy rains to be operated upon. Miss Reifsnyder will soon return to America, and hopes to regain here the health she has lost. She will leave in charge of the hospital another American woman. Miss Elizabeth Mchechnie, who has for some time been

strength. The physical examination that they passed was very severe, and even weak eyes would have caused their rejection. They were told that they would receive \$500 a year and their living expenses as compensation, and then they were compelled to sign a contract containing many severe prohibitions, in which this was one of the principal clauses:

Although I consecrate myself whelly to the foreign mission work, I do herely bind myself, in case of vountarily relinquishing my situation or in case of marriage, within they years of my arrival in a foreign land to repay to the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands the sum expended by them for my passage and outfit. I also premise to give them as months' notice of my intended change or fortest my support for that time.

At Foochow there is another hospital contain-

for my passage and outil. I has a premise to give them six months instite of my intended change or forteit my support for that time.

At Foochow there is another hospital containing women doctors sent there from America. This belongs to the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, a Methodist society in New York. Until recently this hospital was in charge of a young woman, who had graduated from the leading woman's modical college in New York with the highest honors, having won the praise and admiration of no less a medical authority than Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobs. She went there with her mether, a widow, in 1885. She is now on her way to this country, prostrated by her labors. It is not probable that she will be able to return to China. During the greater part of the time that she was in Foochow, she stood in peril of attacks from the superstitious natives. The only other white women there were the associate physicians at the hospital, and the Chinamen looked upon them who had been converted to Christianity were at all friendly toward the women who had sacrificed so much for them. Besides the women doctors there were two male physicians in the hospital.

One of the most serious difficulties that the doctors had to contend with was the superstition of the patients. It is an invariable rule among them not to allow a foreign doctor to treat a sick person without first ascertaining the will of the gods. To do this friends would go up into the joss house, and, after burning much incense and many joss sticks, prostrate themselves before the ugly idols. If the omens were good the doctor would be allowed to go ahead; if otherwise, he could do nothing, no matter how much his services might be needed. To these rites the battent willingly agreed, preferring death to accepting favors against what he considered the revealed wishes of his deity. An attempt on the part of one of the male physicians at the Foochow hospital to disregard this superstition some time ago came near resulting in the destruction of the hospital and all its i At Foochow there is another hospital contain-

friends in New York by one of the women physicians at Foochow is this paragraph:

We stand in jeopardy of our lives at every operation, in all cases of death where the recopic had expected it as a matter of source here after an operation had been received in the property of the second of the case of the c

Chinamin appears to be reluctant to accept our services, though they are usually fres.

The greatest enemies of the American doctors are the "medicine men," who pretend to be under the special protection of the gods, and to be gifted with the power of magic. They hold great power over the ignorant natives and only fear the rich and educated, who have not implicit faith in their pretentions. When a patient calls upon one of them and informs him of his troubles, the doctor pulls out a notched stick, on which is written some mysterious Chinese characters. Then he searches through the musty-looking envelopes that contain his stock of medicines and ploks out one bearing characters corresponding to those on the stick. This is the cure-ail. These doctors treat the lower animals as well as human beings. The amusing result has been that the wise young American women have had to do the same. If they did not they would be treated with even greater contempt by the body of Chinamen. In fact, it was while doctoring as side ow that the head of the Fooolow health received the sunstruke that put the faishing topolate her sinks.

ness and compelled her to give up the work. There are a great many strange ideas as to medical etiquete among the Chinamen. No male physician is allowed to attend a native woman under any circumstances. Every doctor, women included, has to carry a chair along, as the Chinamen will never offer a seat. They seem to look upon the gratuitous services of the foreign physicians as things that have to be accepted, but for which there is no reason to be thankful. They seldom call in the American doctors until the patient is nearly dead, and then are prepared to murder thom if they are unsuccessful. Sometimes the wealthy Chinese nobles deign to call upon the skill of the "foreign women." In such cases the fees are frequently very large, and where the success is greater than usual costly presents are made to them. By a surprising rule of the missionary societies who employ them, however, the doctors are not allowed to retain these gifts, but are compelled to turn them over to the societies.

SOME INTERESTING WOMEN Lounging in Windows, Defying Indians, Running Races, and Receiving Homage, From the Albany Patr Journal.

In the dreamland of Cuba, where every

house has barred windows and fortress-like

doors, I realized that the women were prison-

ers, though I doubt whether they would have valued compassion since, like canaries, they have been in duress so many generations as to have lost the standpoint from which to judge between freedom and thraldem. Though I visited towns that had scarcely known any change, except what earthquakes had brought them. since Cortez rested in them on his way to conquer Mexico, I saw no sight so strange as that of the women lolling in the benchlike sills of the great windows, dressed for public view and looking lazily out of their great black orbs at whoever passed along the street. Those who were young were nearly all beautiful, but their elders had lost their good looks in a superabundance of flesh. They could not go out of doors in the daytime except in their carriages and accompanied by a parent or guardian. And when they went shopping the clerks attended them in their carriages, the ladies sending for what they wanted to look at and the clerks staggering out under great burdens of goods. You can imagine that shopping there is neither a passion nor a vice, as it is said to be in Paris, Isn't it in Paris that the women are so fond of it? So, after the morning was spent at housework and a veiled visit to church, the Cuban ladies dressed to loll in the windows, and their sweethearts crept along close to the walls and chatted with them, if no old woman was by to prevent them and if they had proceeded so far in their love-making as to be able to converse with their hearts' delights. Before they could do that they had to walk along the streets ever so many times, past their sweethearts' windows, waiting to be noticed and flirted with, and then came a long period of ogling and the exchanging of swift glances and peeping behind fans and waving of hundkerchiefs—all extremely silly in the eyes of American girls.

One day I was making my way through a dismal piece of woodland in Canada on the outskirts of Montreal. Berrel' low cold it wus, and how the snow lay piled up all over the country! Suddenly I heard merry voices and the crackling of twigs and rustling of brush. Just as suddenly the flaure of a young man in the uniform of the Tuque Bleue Snowshoe Club appeared, ascending a knoll. Three girls were at his heels, followed by other young men and women. There was a new view of the possibilities of womanhood. Our Yankee girls, best of all in the best of the sexes, have liberty enough, but how few use it to place themselves side by side with the men in their athletic sports! How ruddy and bright-eyed and wholesome were these Canadian maidens! How superby they were framed and how overflowing with animal spirits they were! Afterward I saw them skating for hours had lost their good looks in a superabundance of flesh. They could not go out of doors in the skating for hours and covering miles of lee hand in hand with their brothers (and the brothers of other folks), and at tobogganing, driving, and all the other sports that interested them, they were almost if not quite the equals of the mon. When it came to dancing, as I was informed, the merry ones among them took a delight in lifting they young gentlemen from the States off their feet, once in a while, and swinging around with them as a New York girl might do with a child—if it was small enough. Far over on the Pacific coast of the same country and on Vancouver Island, I found another race of women—squaws of some tribes allied to the Eskimos. They were so ignorant and homely, and belonged to such a rude order of civilization that I could scarcely expect to interest any young hady renders in them. But they possessed an interest for the married ladies, and might even arouse envy in the breasts of some fair matrons, for their customs allow each wife to have "an assistant husband." Better yet, their husbands do not select their own assistants; this is left to the fair ladies themselves. Those assistant husbands have to do what the New England tolks call "chores" for the women, get kindling wood, run of errands, and make thomselves useful in all menial ways. Their only reward and recompense is that if the real husband dies in any case, or disappears, or goes away for any unconscionable length of time, they marry the word in the piace who told me that the Indians on a reservation close by had begun to grow restless, and were manifesting the fact by unusual insoluce. Only the day before a dozen of the braves had come into the store, when she was stark alone in it, and had demanded whiskey, a commodity they were not allowed to touch and no enew was permitted to sell. She told them she had none, and they sat, as Indians will, for a long time, as if to show her they would not go away until they got it. Curiously enough, no one came to the store from the settlement. By and by the Indians proposed to search for the whiske

GEORGIA GIRLS STAMPEDED. Victoria Elizabeth and Josephine Beaner gus Wrought Up by the Locemetive.

A few days ago in the new town of Rochelle, on the American Expedition.

A few days ago in the new town of Rochelle, on the American Freston and Lumpkin, a farmor walked up to the station leading ayoung steer by a rope attached to his horns, while steer was drawing a two-wheel cart, and in the cart sat an old lady and two buxon young girls, road, and had come down on this quiet sababat morn to see the monster for the first time.

After driving the steer and cart over the road the old man drove up by the side of the trace it one and the rumbling soung was heard for the first time by the two girls. They both jumped up as the steaming, shrighing soung was heard for the first time by the two girls. They both jumped up as the steaming, shrighing soung was heard for the first time by the two girls. They both jumped up as the steaming, shrighing soung was heard for the first time by the stee of the control of the first time by the two girls. They both jumped up as the steaming, shrighing soung was heard for the first time by the two girls. They both jumped up as the steaming, shrighing soung was heard for the first time by the stwo girls. They both jumped up as the steaming, shrighing soung was heard for the first time by the stwo girls. They both jumped up as the steaming sound was heard for the first time by the two girls. They both jumped up as the steaming is made and began to back many or pas has rid on the remaining the state of the same varied at pionsure within certain limitations and began to back many or pas has rid on the rope and was jorked along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, holering. Whose Back was a transfer to one girl and then the other: Victoria Elizabeth, yo' and Josephine Boarnergus stop there, ther thing can't run off the track.

Boarnergus stop there, ther thing can't run off the track.

Boarnergus stop there, there thing that the production of as infinite a variety of the hard the control of the care of the c A few days ago in the new town of Ro

WOMEN AND THEIR HEADS

FROM MARIE ANTOINETTE TO MES. GROVER CLEVELAND. Latest Fad, the Psycho-Amort

Hairdressers in Solemn Conclave. The Psyche is without a doubt the coming style of coffure. It is already incorporated among the fads of the passing moment. The two heads below, supplied by THE SUN'S artist. represents the Psyche in its severest sim-plicity. On a pretty, youthful, high-bred woman's head it is a rarely beautiful confura. But let none other attempt it in its present unmodified form. The nez retroused and the modified form. The sex retrouses and the regrels are nosed, the commonplace and the regrels regretarily and the regrels regretarily and the regretarily and re



may wear their hair à la Psyche. At the moment, however, the style that has prevailed for several years past may with safety be adopted or athered to by any girl who wishes to be in the fashion.

There is very little doubt that the same variety which prevails in all the details of the tolies at present will ere long be shown in the coffure. The styles of the Louis XVI, period will not probably be reached, nor those of the convention which so quickly succeeded the towers of hair worn at the court of the Ill-fated Marie Antoinette. The heads in the next picture represent these two styles. They are extreme, but not as formidable as some of the head dresses of those unhappy days. In some of the pictures of the seuties of the reign of Louis XVI, the hair is painted in a tower over two feet in height, and adorned with all sorts of objects, animals, and birds. One grands dame went so far as to place a miniature ceach and horses on the top of her towering coffure. Paint and powder were used in those days as freely as they are now on the stage or more so. The make up of the face was so universal and so coarse that a portrait painter had no opportunity to display his art in flesh tints. Bougereau and Cabanel would have had a poor show in that day. The portrait painter was forced to paint a mask of pink and white for a face under the tower of hair, and over this mask was scattered, at libitum, black patches of court plaster. mouches or files as the French call them, and those mouches were cut in all sorts of fanciful shapes, not only in files, stars, crescents and flowers, but in the forms of animals, birds, coaches, and other familiar or unfamiliar objects. Those



were golden days for the hairdresser and the maker of cosmetics. The two trades have always flourished together, and, singularly enough, have always been at their height in a nation or among a people just before great political changes. It is a little singular that the middle ages, so prolitic in artistic and picture-que ideas in

political changes.

It is a little singular that the middle ages, so prolitic in artistic and picturesque ideas in dress, have given us little or nothing in the way of colifures. Most of the oletures and portraits of the women of the middle ages have the half concealed or almost covered beneath vells, wimples, hoods, and coifs. The carnest religious spirit of the age seems to have demanded that women of all ranks should obey the Scriptural injunction of St. Paul to the earliest Christians, that a woman should not sit in the congregation, with uncovered heads.

The Greeks and the Romans paid much attention to the arrangement of the hair, and the models of those two great peoples still furnish the modern hairdresser with his best forms.

At the dawn of the Reformation women wore nunlike caps, hoods, and volls, or gathered their tresses into nets of gold and sliver or silken cord. Holbein, who painted the beautiful Anne Boloyn and most of the English Bluebeard's wives, placed caps of velvet on their beautifund. ful Anne Boloyn and most of the English Blue-beard's wives, placed caps of velvet on their heads, the famous Anne Boleyn cap having sur-vived and been revived in one or another popu-lar forms at intervals ever since. But Froude tells us that Anne, in that gorgeous procession that heralded her famous or infamous corona-tion, sat in an open charlot drawn by pailreys covered with white damask that swept the ground, a golden canopy above her head the

tion, sat in an open charlot drawn by palfreys covered with white damask that swept the ground, a golden canopy above her head tinkling with sliver bells, dressed in white tissue robes, her "fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds," Queens do not display their beauties all abroad in this way nowadays, nor did they in the middle ages preceding the reigns of Henry and his immediate successors.

To depict with the artist's pencil or describe with the writer's pen the variations in the coffures of women for the last hundred years would require not a column but an entire page or more of The Sun's space. Our readers must therefore be content with one more pictures of women's heads. The cut of our series for this week shows two colfiners of the present century. One of fifty-eight years ago the other the one most in favor in Washington city, as it has been made popular and fashionable



by the beautiful and sensible wife of President Cleveland. Mrs. Cleveland's coffure is only a variation of the present style, and it shows that even a trying coffure, when modified by a tasteful and deft hand can be made rarely beautiful and becoming. Mrs. Cleveland has adopted the Psyche for occasional morning wear. After a while she and other women of taste and culture will doubtless find the subtle beauty that can be revealed by a thoughful study and arrangement of even the severe lines of the Greek beauty's coffure. But the uitimatum which will be reached in course of time will, it is to be hoped, have the same variety and freedom of choice in the arrangement of the hair that is now nermitted in other parts of the costume. The sleeves, skirts, the waists, the draperies, the trimmings, the very outlines of the ensemble are varied at pionsure within certain limitations, why not the dressing and arrangement of the hair? Women and their heads should be given a treatment by the makers of fashions as women and their skirts and bodices. It is to be hoped that the meeting of the American Hair Dressers will be marked with the production of as infinite a variety of coffures as we now have of hats and bonnets.